

his ability to put a smile on anyone's face, bringing about joy and laughter wherever he went.

Detective Marconi's commitment to protecting the people of San Antonio led to his distinguished career in law enforcement as a member of the Special Victims Unit for SAPD. A decorated police officer, he had the distinct honor and privilege of assuming the rank of Detective in Major Crimes. His passion for serving the community is an example that each of us should strive to follow.

Detective Marconi is survived by his son, Dane Marconi; grandson Mason Marconi; stepdaughter Jacy Lewis; brother Tom Marconi and wife Diana, their sons, Adam and Andrew Marconi, and their grand-daughter, Anastazia Zamora Marconi; sister Debbie Saldaña and husband Danny and their sons, Ross Gonzales Jr. and Nick Saldaña, their daughter, Danielle Saldaña, and their grand-daughter, Hailey Gonzales; sister Terri Marconi McKnight and her son, Blake Kirkland; and numerous aunts, uncles, and cousins.

The legacy of Detective Marconi lives on through the kindness and compassion that he shared with those who surrounded him. His dedication to the people of San Antonio will be remembered throughout the greater Bexar County community.

Mr. Speaker, I am honored to have the opportunity to remember the legacy of Detective Benjamin Marconi.

RECOGNIZING THE 103RD BIRTHDAY OF MRS. EDNA HALL RILEY WALKER

HON. ALCEE L. HASTINGS

OF FLORIDA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Thursday, December 8, 2016

Mr. HASTINGS. Mr. Speaker, I rise today to recognize Mrs. Edna Hall Riley Walker of Riviera Beach, Florida, who on December 23rd will turn 103 years young. Mrs. Walker, one of Florida's over four thousand centenarians, is a lifelong resident of Wakulla County.

Mrs. Walker continues to follow an incredible journey through life and has seen drastic changes in the world since she was born in 1913. Mrs. Walker was born the middle child of three in Shadeville, Florida. She started a family with Herbert Riley and had three children: Anthony, Allan, and Ianthia. Working as a Master Seamstress since the 1950s, Mrs. Walker deeply understands the value of hard work.

Mrs. Walker to this day is still an active member of her community, still a faithful servant of God, and still sharp as a tack. She is a deep believer in the golden rule, and often tells people she meets, "I would do you right before I would ever do you wrong. It's so important to do unto others as you want them to do unto you. That's what Jesus said."

These days, Mrs. Walker often travels throughout the United States to see her many children and grandchildren. Her descendants have flown far and wide, from New York to Texas, a testament to her wide-reaching legacy. She most enjoys reading and playing games with her grandchildren and great grandchildren. Clearly, Edna Riley Walker is still leaving her mark.

Mr. Speaker, it is my distinct honor to acknowledge this incredible woman on her many

accomplishments in life and to wish her a very happy 103rd birthday.

RECOGNIZING FAMILIES AFFECTED BY THE NATIONAL OPIOID EPIDEMIC

HON. ANN M. KUSTER

OF NEW HAMPSHIRE

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Thursday, December 8, 2016

Ms. KUSTER. Mr. Speaker, it is my honor to include in the RECORD today the personal stories of families from across the country that have been affected by the opioid and heroin epidemic. In the U.S. we lose 129 lives per day to opioid and heroin overdose. In my home state of New Hampshire I have learned so many heartbreaking stories of great people and families who have suffered from the effects of substance use disorder.

Earlier this year, my colleagues and I were joined by many of these courageous families who came to Washington to share their stories with Members of Congress and push for action that will prevent overdoses and save lives. Since then, we passed both the Comprehensive Addiction and Recovery Act and the 21st Century Cures Act to provide much needed funding and critical policy changes to fight this epidemic.

The advocacy of these families truly is so important to leading to change in Washington and I am proud to preserve their stories.

ROBERT AND ERIC FRANKLIN—CEDARBURG, WISCONSIN

The Franklin family had two beautiful, talented and very much loved sons, both who died in 2012 from heroin overdoses. They both are so very missed. Life is just not as full as it should be. Their loss has forever changed their family's lives.

The Franklin's youngest child, Robert Franklin, was born November 10, 1987 and died April 22, 2012. At six foot five, he was a gentle giant. Everyone loved Robert; he was funny and a born leader. In high school, Robert had gotten himself into trouble and was arrested for being in possession of two pounds of marijuana at the age of 17. As his parents, they were shocked that he had been messing with that quantity of marijuana. As a result, before Robert turned 18 years old he was labeled a felon. Drugs became Robert's escape; he shouldn't have needed to escape, he had a great childhood and was well liked by everyone. From there, things went quickly downhill. Robert spent much of his young adult life in prison or jail. Robert didn't seem to know how to stop using, and his family didn't fully understand what he was going through. Then he found the drug Oxycontin. Robert died at the age of 24. As Neil Young once said, "Twenty four and there's so much more".

Their middle son, Eric, was born February 22, 1986 and died December 21, 2012. He was a happy, smart, handsome, loved, talented and caring person. Eric had so much to live for, so much left to give to the world. He played the guitar and harmonica; writing much of his own music. Eric also had a great voice. Eric worked for his dad as a rough carpenter. He had just met a girl and were early in their relationship, but somehow he still couldn't get past his addiction. His family knew he wanted to change. Eric even went to a treatment center and did really well for a while. He was only 26 when he died.

Both Robert and Eric loved to play the guitar and were immensely passionate about all

music. Together they started a band called, The Wronged and wrote and recorded several songs.

Robert and Eric left behind not only their parents, Patricia and Mike, but also their older brother, Adam and sister in-law, Robin, and their only niece, Taylor.

JASON FREBURGER—PASADENA, MARYLAND

On December 23, 2015, Jason Freburger died in his family's home of a heroin overdose. He was 29 years old. The several years of battling his addiction caused so much pain for Jason, as well as his family. Jason felt shame, remorse, failure and regret. His family felt lost, horrified, let down, and confused by the lack of available resources and the medical system. Jason was in and out of treatment, jail, IOP, NA meetings and a halfway house.

Jason was an electrician for the Board of Education for eight years, and was preparing to get his Master's license. He was an animal lover, played Xbox, loved fishing, enjoyed music, reading a good book, and building with Mega Legos. Jason would regularly tell his family that he loved them. However, Jason is the product of a family tree that has strong inherited addictive genes and mental illness—many of those struggling with addiction suffer with dual diagnosis, and this resulted in Jason's demise.

Jason was never allowed enough time in any treatment facility for recovery to take hold. Losing his job meant losing his medical insurance. There is no in-patient treatment that covers beyond two weeks with just Medicaid. After two weeks of treatment, Jason came out clean, but not skilled, not yet strong enough, not able to keep the disease at bay. He was then sent into a halfway house that had no accountability for any of its clients.

Jason tried, he tried so hard. He wanted to be drug free; a simple man living a simple life. Jason was a part of the Anne Arundel County Maryland Adult Drug Court Program. Once-a-month hearings with the judge and once-a-week case manager meetings isn't enough for some of those struggling with addiction to be successful.

His family can't stop thinking about Jason; loving him, missing him, and needing him in their lives. Jason was a treasure to them all. He was a beloved child. He was a good person and son. He needed help; he asked for it but was only granted snippets of hope that would never lead to solid recovery. Individuals struggling with addiction are our children, spouses, our family.

MARK C. FUSCIA—VOORHEES, NEW JERSEY

Mark Fuscina passed away to a heroin overdose on February 12, 2010. Mark was a wonderful, kind, respectable, energetic, intelligent and loving person. Our family used to call him the politician because of his outgoing and friendly personality with people.

At the young age of 14, Mark began experimenting with drugs. During this time his family thought he was just going through the teenage phase of life, and were unaware Mark had fallen into a strong addiction. He started out with marijuana, then moved to mushrooms, cocaine, pills then heroin.

Mark was really good at various sports from a very young age, but was most passionate about baseball, which he played since elementary school up until the end of freshman year of high school. Although he did very well in school throughout the years, his family was told by a teacher that Mark was an excellent student but there was concern that he was a follower. Being a follower, Mark decided after finishing baseball in freshman year to quit the team like some of his friends had done. It was just the beginning of Mark becoming disinterested in things he previously really enjoyed.